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## Revelations of Nature.

Original.

### PROGRESS FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW.

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JUN.

Most men are the slaves of old custom—the mere creatures of habit—rather than beings of thought and experience. They are governed by what has been, rather than by what should be; by fashion and usage, rather than by truth right. They are continually looking backward into the dead and moldering institutions and customs of the past, rather than forward to the fresh, loving, hopeful future. Their eyes are set in the backs of their heads; like Lot's wife, in the old Hebrew story, they look back from behind them, till they are changed into pillars of salt or of stone, that never advance one whit further on their journey—that never change, progress, or improve any more, but remain forever fixed, stationary, unprogressive and dead. And it is of this tendency to look backward to dwell in the past, and of a base and stupid subserviency to the past in thoughts, opinions, customs, and institutions, that we propose to say a few words.

However salutary, useful, and even necessary, may be the experience of the past, there is nothing more absurd, more dangerous and fatal to all improvement and progress, than a blind and superstitious reverence for old opinions, antiquated notions, and ancient customs and usages, merely because they are old. Indeed one of the greatest, if not the greatest, blessings of all experience, is to warn us of the errors, and mistakes, and dangers of the past, and thus to excite us to something fairer, nobler, and happier in the future. Experience, indeed, derives all its value from its application and use to the improvement of the future. There are people who value an opinion, not for the truth contained in it, but because it was uttered by those of olden time—who admire a book, not because it is just or useful, true and excellent, but because its author lived and wrote hundreds or thousands of years ago—who value an institution, not because it is noble and beneficent in its character and operations, but because it is gray and moss-grown, venerable and antiquated, and covered with the mold and dust of hoary ages. Not what they themselves think and feel to

be true and right must be believed and cherished—but what is taught by some ancient and moldy creed of the past, some time-hallowed book, or some old saint turned to dust ages ago. As if the world in its barbarous, undeveloped, uncultivated *infancy*, produced greater, better, and more perfect thoughts, institutions and men, than now—as if diviner and truer teachings were imparted to the human soul, than now, and the great God was nearer and held more intimate communion with his children!

There are those who, despite the attestations of human history and the various evidences of human progress in science, art, philosophy, religion, and philanthropy, still continue to regard all wisdom, truth, and goodness as treasured up in the archives of antiquity, and as the excelsior possession of the past ages. To them the Epics of Homer, with his puerile stories of the gods, his barbarous wars and the bloody and brutal contests of his heroes, are finer and more perfect works than any modern poem or story, however pregnant it may be with teachings of art and beauty, however filled with precepts and instructions of gentleness, charity, and humanity, or abounding in principles of the truest science and the loftiest and divinest philosophy. No food is fitted for their peculiar palate till it has become covered with spots of venerable mold. The fresh fruits of to-day are as nothing; they must be dried by time or decayed and rotted by long keeping, ere they are worthy of their fastidious taste, and every viand that is placed before them must be seasoned by an accumulation of ancient dust. To such, all wisdom lies in the past, and had Solomon collected his proverbs in these days, his highest wisdom would have been disregarded, or looked upon as contemptible and unreadable folly; while now his most worldly precepts—his most sensual sayings—his most foolish and vile sentences, are regarded as instinct with a wisdom more than human. And the old Mosaic Pentateuch, with its contradictions and its incongruities, its ignorance, its confusion and its absurdity, is worshiped as of a higher and diviner authority than the great and self-evident truths, and the sublime and glorious discoveries of modern science—and these are rejected, and scorned, and scouted by the ignorant and superstitious, because they happen to be in opposition to certain writings of an unknown author, whose chief merit, in their eyes, is their very doubtful antiquity. Not what is purest, truest, noblest and most humane, is to be revered and cherished in human opinions and institutions, but what is most ancient; not what is most beneficial to man-

kind everywhere, most applicable to the time and its wants, but what is commanded by old authority, or established by time-hallowed usages.

Men of this stamp have a horror of any change—they dislike anything new. The old, alone, is true, and good, and perfect. Thus they come to be, often quite unintentionally and unconsciously perhaps, the most deadly foes to all reform, and prevent progress in the world. Such remind me of a man who, desirous of having a representation of the Savior cut in relief upon a monument at Mt. Auburn, instead of directing the artist to copy the most divine and beautiful picture of Christ extant, or to represent him according to his own purest and most perfect conception of his character, procured a very ancient and hideous print of the divine teacher when the art of engraving was as yet in its infancy, and had a copy of this coarse, deformed, and hideous picture carved upon the monument—with this absurd idea that the oldest was the best, because it was the *oldest* picture of the Savior he could find. So in theology, in philosophy, and in religion, men are too apt to regard that view as the best that is the most ancient; and the older the creed or the Church is, the greater is their reverence for it, and faith in it. The old and past, however imperfect it may be, is good enough for them. Say they, what they and their fathers have believed and practiced is all sufficient for their children; they have no faith in the possibility of any thing higher or better to come. But had such men any earnest and lofty aspirations, any true and noble ambition after the true, the good and the perfect, they could never rest contented with the poor and meager attainments of the past, or remain satisfied with the ignorance, the deficiencies, the imperfections of the old and decayed.

We must confess that to us the new is another word for the improved and the better. We fully believe that the opinions and customs, the institutions and governments, the theology, morality, and religion even of mankind at the present day, are better, far better, than those of olden time, and that the existing views and opinions are more correct and scientific than those of the past on almost every subject—our governments more liberal and equal, less tyrannical, oppressive and unjust in their operation—our theology more mild, consistent and natural, more just to the character of the wise and loving Father of all, more worthy of intelligent, reasonable beings—our religion and our morality more pure, elevated, and benevolent. To prove this, it only needs that we revert back to the days of the pious patriarchs and chiefs of ancient times, and contemplate their fightings and wars, their acts of bloodshed and cruel murder, their adulteries, their system of concubinage, polygamy and slavery, the accounts of which only render many parts of the Old Testament such improper reading for children and so disgusting to every pure and elevated mind. Indeed, if we go back only two or three centuries ago, and study the condition of enlightened England and of civilized Europe at that time, we shall see how great an improvement has been made upon the past and old in every respect, during this short period; and as highly moral and religious as we deem our pilgrim fathers to have been, if we glance back only to those days we shall feel how vast, how mighty a change has been wrought for the better even since their time; and there are greater changes doubtless to come. The least refined and sensitive mind indeed is struck with horror at their roasting the Indians alive in their palisades, thinking that, like the ancient and barbarous Hebrews in driving the modern Canaanites from the land, they were doing God service—when to use the words of one of their most celebrated divines—"the smoke of the burning savages went up as a sweet savor into the nostrils of the God of Sabaoth"; and the branding of the Baptists, the cropping off the ears of the Quaker, and the burning of witches, excited hardly less horror, while many of their strange and absurd superstitions call forth feelings of mingled wonder, contempt, and pity.

Men who cling so fondly to the past as to despise the present, who bow down in blind and servile reverence to whatever is ancient, while they denounce and oppose whatever is new, fresh, and living, are not only guilty of a great absurdity, but are the most deadly enemies to the improvement progress and highest welfare of the race. We say such men are guilty of a great absurdity—for when we look back and glance our eyes over the history of the past and observe the darkness, the

ignorance, the superstitions, the vices and the crimes—aye, the cruelties and the wrongs committed even in the name of God and of religion—in past ages, we can not but regard it as the worst of absurdities to imagine that all wisdom, goodness, and excellence are treasured up in the past. And when we see what vast improvements, confessedly, have been made and are still making in every department of human thought and action, in our arts, our sciences, our civil polity, our morals, and our religion, we can not but feel that it is a still greater and more wicked absurdity to oppose every change, every improvement, and to despise whatever is of the present and new. When a new article of convenience or comfort, a new invention, a new fruit or any change upon the old and imperfect things of the past, makes its appearance we shall gladly welcome it, regard it as an improvement upon what has been, as something better than the old, or else it never would have made its way and found favor among mankind.

Old customs, old institutions, old opinions, old theologies, old religions, are like old garments which will be soon worn out by time, if they are not first outgrown by mankind,

"All these will, in their turn, be cast aside, dethroned, forlorn,  
Defaced, outworn;  
Like the world's childish dolls which but insult  
Its age adult;  
Or prostrate scare-crows on whose rags we tread  
With scorn proportioned to our former dread."

And he that expects that any present form of government or religion, any present system of polity, any church or creed, no matter how much he may venerate them, will continue to last, to supply the wants of coming generations, shows himself not only ignorant of all human history, but of the very laws of Nature and the Universe. But men who are so wedded to the past as to see no good in the present—who have no faith in the future and make no exertions to render the future what it should be—who have such a blind and superstitious reverence for the old that they can see nothing fair, hopeful, and excellent in the new, are not only guilty of great folly, but they are also the authors of a great deal of mischief and injury to the world, and the greatest foes in the Universe to all reform, improvement and progress. *For the world is only advanced and improved by the aid of new ideas, new doctrines and principles, new customs and institutions, which displace those that are imperfect and worn out—those which the world has now outgrown.*

Every one who observes or reflects at all, must regard the world, as it at present exists, as extremely corrupt and imperfect, darkened and degraded. How is this condition of things to be changed? How is this world of ours to be made better and improved? Plainly *by the introduction of something new and different*; by bringing in fresher, newer, more pure and perfect elements. As long as our present condition is so corrupt, deficient and wanting, let us hope and pray, think, speak, and labor, for a fairer and better future; as long as the old is so confessedly vitiated, corrupt, unsound, and imperfect, let us welcome, joyfully and earnestly, whatever is fresh and new, with the hope that it shall bring with it improvement and benefit. That the Hebrews knew no better than to believe that the great Universe and this Earth of ours was made in six days, when it is proved by internal examination of its records, engraved on the eternal rock by the finger of the Almighty, to be the growth of ages on ages; or that the infinite regions of space composed a crystal firmament whose windows opened to let down the rain, and other such scientific absurdities, proves the necessity among us of a better and truer *science* than theirs. That the Jewish views of the divine character were such as to lead them to suppose that God really favored them more than any other people, that he fought on their side, that he was a God of jealousy and vengeance, is evidence enough that mankind stood in need of a purer and better *theology* than that of the Hebrews. And that the religion of David and Solomon did not make them purer, more righteous, and holy men, is a sure proof that mankind required a more elevated and divine *religion*, even that of Christ Jesus; and so late even as the times of our pilgrim fathers, their cruel treatment of the Indians, their bitter relentless persecution of the Quakers and Baptists, and the superstitions and horrible belief in witchcraft, with its frightful and mur-



derous results, indicate the necessity of new, higher, and better views of things; and prove to us the need of *continual* improvement and progress. *And the only way of improving upon the old, is to get the new.* If the views, opinions, customs, and institutions of the past are thus so palpably corrupt, and erroneous, imperfect and faulty, the only means of reforming, advancing, and perfecting them, is to receive and inculcate new and different views—to establish new and different customs and institutions, which shall be purer, wiser and better every way. Therefore he that clings desperately to the decaying and old, and opposes and denounces the new, who despises the things of the present, and blindly worshipping the past, objects to every change and fights against every improvement, is the worst foe to all growth, advancement, and progress, and thus the worst enemy to his brother and his race.

There has never been a new view, a new opinion, or a new doctrine, promulgated in the world, whether in philosophy, theology, or religion; there never has been a new and wonderful invention, a great discovery made in science or in art, that has not been opposed and denounced by those who are thus blindly attached to the past and old, and whose friends and advocates have not been reviled and persecuted and often martyred. Thus was the immortal Galileo reviled and persecuted for his splendid discoveries and improvements in astronomical science; thus was Columbus ridiculed, denounced and hated for that new doctrine in regard to the shape and geography of the Earth that led to the revelation of a new world. And from the times of Jesus, the crucified, down to those of the martyred Huss and the hunted and persecuted Luther, aye, from the time of Luther to the present day, there has never been a new doctrine uttered, or a new step taken in religious reform, but what has met with opposition and hatred, denunciation and scorn, from the lips and hearts of those who worshipped the decaying past, who revered the old and dead things of yesterday, and feared and dreaded the new and life-giving word of to-day. This has always been the case in times past; it is still more or less true of the present time. And the strength of the opposition against the various moral and religious reforms and reformers of our day, against the earnest efforts in favor of peace, purity, temperance, and the abolition of rum selling, slavery, and the gallows, comes from those who are so wedded to the ancient and the past, as to despise and scout whatever is of the present. And every struggle of oppressed and trampled nations to obtain their freedom and to possess themselves of the privileges and rights of men, is met by such with determined opposition, by arrogant and despotic cruelty; and the horrible scenes of strife and carnage, the frightful instances of wholesale murder, the blood of the crushed down-trodden masses—those victims of civil and religious tyranny—that has for so many ages flowed in rivers, aye, that is still flowing over the outraged Earth, all, all come from the hostility of those who blindly reverence the past, from their violent opposition to every change, reform, and improvement of the civil, social, and religious condition of mankind. And were these now to cease their fiendish opposition, and their bitter hostility, the principles of liberty and equality would every where prevail, and free, humane and liberal institutions, both in Church and State, would flourish gloriously over all the earth.

Let us not then join hands with them; let us not be the mere slaves of the past, bowing down to old opinions customs, and institutions, with blind and superstitious reverence, and worshipping the false and corrupt, the old and imperfect, merely for their antiquity, and rejecting all that is new, no matter how true, noble, and excellent, how beneficial to mankind, how necessary to the time and its wants, because it is not covered with the dust and mold of age. But let us, on the contrary, continually welcome new truth, new and higher and better opinions and customs, new and nobler institutions, both in Church and in State.

MEMORY is like a picture-gallery of our past days. The fairest and most pleasing of the pictures are those which immortalize the days of useful industry.

Original.

# **RUDIMENTS OF BOTANY.**

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

THIS Science has three principal departments, which treat severally of their composition and life, their external structure, and of their arrangement in groups.

The first of these is termed Physiological Botany. It treats of the interior forces by which their minute and wonderful machinery is operated, and the evolution, preservation, and reproduction of organism, by means of the mysterious vital principle.

The second branch is termed Organography. It investigates the organic structure, and corresponds with Anatomy in the science of Zoölogy.

The third branch is termed Systematic Botany; and by its aid the chaotic mass of vegetable forms is reduced to order, by that beautiful arrangement which comprehends Classes, Orders, Tribes, Families, Genera, Species, and Varieties, and provides unerring indices by which we may determine the exact position of each individual.

Without stopping at all to discuss the advantages to be derived from this science, it must be apparent that any study which, like this, is based on a great and beautiful system of perfect order, must communicate a corresponding quality to the mind: otherwise we can not enter into its spirit—we can not properly study it.

Every person who is at all inclined to watch the processes of Nature, may have observed that vegetation takes place on almost every substance. He will find on the bark of trees, on brick walls, naked rocks, tiled roofs, and even upon glass when not frequently cleaned, a greenish or yellow powder. In these minute globules are contained the first elements of vegetable life; and when they decay, a little soil is formed, in which others more perfect and conspicuous, root themselves. These again, having fulfilled the end of their creation, give place to others yet higher. At length a sufficient portion of soil covers the surface, to afford the means of life and growth, to their natural successors in the ascending scale of being. So we trace, from an apparently unorganized mass, the successions of lichens, mosses, herbs, and finally arborescent vegetables.

The distinction between minerals and plants, or between organic and inorganic forms, is so clearly defined as to admit of no question; but between plants and animals the dividing line is not always apparent. As we descend through the lower forms, these two great classes approximate more closely to each other, until in the microscopic algæ, and the simplest of the polygastric infusoria, we find them, as yet, undistinguishably blended. The obscurity in the character and habits of these minute forms, hinders the discovery of the substance on which they feed. Were this known their true place would be at once manifest; for animals are nourished only by organic substances, while plants derive their support from the surrounding earth and air; and they alone have power to convert inorganic or mineral, into organic matter. Here the beautiful order which prevails through all the operations of Nature, is clearly apparent. Minerals form the basis both of habitation and nutriment. Plants, by assimilation, convert these crude substances into organic matter, and thus prepare them for the subsistence of higher forms.

In our superficial view of things, we often wholly misapprehend their true nature or character; and in nothing, perhaps, do we fall wider of the mark, than in our appreciation of the difference between inert matter, and the organic machinery which is operated by vital forces. To most people the leaf of a tree, or plant, would appear no-wise different from a plate of green paper, or any substance which had been produced in that fashion, or by merely mechanical operations alone, as expansion and pressure. But the piece of paper, itself, might just as easily be cut, tinted, endowed with life, and made to grow, as for a leaf, or any organ of a living body, either to have, or maintain life, with such a structure.

We call in the aid of the microscope, and the whole is made clear. We see that there is no space in the lowest plant—no, not so much as

may be covered with a point of the finest needle, but has its precise work in relation to the organic series of which it is a part, and hence its specific character and action to maintain. We see that the substance of which the vegetable body is composed, resolves itself into two primitive forms, membrane and fiber; and the various modifications of these two in different structures, is termed *Tissues*.

If we examine living bodies, whether vegetable or animal, we shall find that they possess a common structure. They have solids which are essential for the preservation of form, and fluids for the establishment and maintenance of motion. Their tissue is composed of network and plates, or of fibers and solid laminae, in the interstices of which the fluids are contained. Even with the naked eye we may see that all the parts of vegetables are porous in a greater or less degree. By the aid of the microscope we discover innumerable cavities, mostly of a duodecangular form, and cohering by their edges. These cavities are called *cells*; and hence the parts in which they prevail are called the *CELLULAR TISSUE*, which may be considered the type of organism, and the primary tissue both of animals and plants. Of this tissue are composed the petals of flowers, the fleshy portions of roots, and all the pulpy and succulent parts. The pith of stems, the fleshy portions of roots and leaves, and the thin external expansion which is termed the cuticle or skin, are entirely composed of it. All young plants, and all plants of the lower tribes, as mushrooms, mold, sea-weeds, lichens, mosses and liverworts, are also completely formed of this tissue.

The cells in their early expansion, or when they lie rather loosely, are egg-shaped or approach the spherical, which is probably their original form; for if a mass of spheres be subjected to an equal pressure on all sides, each sphere will become cubical, as in the pith, or twelve-sided, representing a figure which is called in geometry a duodecahedron. The last form generally prevails in the cellular tissue. But if the organ is growing in one direction more than in another, with small lateral pressure, there is a corresponding elongation of the cells, and they become prismatic, tubular, or cylindrical. This primitive membrane of the cells is uniform, simple, and of extreme tenuity. Sometimes a more solid or earthy deposition of matter takes place on the inner wall of the cells, until they acquire great hardness, as may be found in the shell of the nut, and the stone of fruits, which are modifications of the cellular integument.

The walls of the cells are composed of a colorless membrane; but being transparent, they exhibit the fresh green of the leaf, and the brilliant hues of flowers and fruits, which are produced by the coloring matter contained in their vesicles. The cells have no visible communication with each other, but transmit the fluids which they contain by means of invisible pores.

We can easily see that a body formed wholly of this soft and uncondensed material could not rise to any considerable height in an erect position, for the want of some more substantial axes of support and growth. As we ascend from the lower to higher conditions in the animal series, we find that a bony frame, or skeleton is developed. This imparts both symmetry and strength. It enables the higher animals to acquire and maintain their appropriate forms, and manifest their peculiar progressive motion, and other actions.

So also, in ascending the vegetable series, after passing the Mosses, we leave the region of pure cellular development; and at the next step, in the Ferns we find the development of another material. This is fiber. It is the basis of Wood, and is analogous to the substance of bone in the animal economy. The stems of trees and mature plants, and the stalk and veins of leaves, are mostly composed of it. In a word, it constitutes the frame-work, or skeleton of the plant.

Now look at a piece of wood with the bare eye. It appears a more or less solid and uniform substance, with various lines, marks, and dots, which are familiarly known as the grain, with certain differences of color and density in the several species. But from this we gather a very imperfect idea of its real structure. Let us take a section from a branch, or growing stem. We split it lengthwise, and examine it with a microscope. It now appears to consist of bundles of cylinders, so tapering at the ends as to overlies the ends of the next bundle above, and thus to admit of the closest package. Now cut off the end of the

stick in an oblique direction; and with a high magnifying power we can easily detect certain orifices in the direction of the cut. These are the mouths of tubes; for the cylinders are, in fact, tubes, whose walls are drawn out with extreme tenuity. They contain and transmit fluids and air, so long as they remain in the growing portions; but as they are pushed inward by the growth of the tree, the tubes are gradually diminished; and their caliber is finally obliterated. The woody tissue not only gives strength and firmness to the body, and symmetry to the form, but it also serves to keep up a communication between the root and leaves—between the earth and air. It differs from the cellular in its continuous thread or fiber, and in the far greater strength and tenuity of its substance.

The fibers of the inner bark are more tough and flexible than the other parts; and hence they are better suited to the manufacture of cloth and cordage, conspicuous instances of which are found in the hemp and flax. Yes, it is very true that our finest linen fabrics, the most exquisite laces, and the delicate muslins from the looms of India, are all wrought of material which is but a modification of the woody tissue, or pure fiber.

Again, if we take a young and tender leaf of geranium, or any soft thrifty herb, and pass a sharp penknife round its stalk so as to make an incision clear round, without cutting through, then pull it gently apart for a little distance, we shall see perhaps several fine glistening fibers extending from one part to the other. If then we separate them with a sudden jerk, we shall see the ends of the fiber coil back in a spiral direction. This spiral thread constitutes the *VASCULAR TISSUE*, and consists of vessels which are either spiral, or some modification of the spiral, as the annular and reticulated forms. These vessels resemble the woody fiber; but they are much thinner and weaker. They are long, slender tubes tapering each way; and their specific distinction is the elastic spiral fiber which is coiled up in them, from end to end. The situation of the spiral vessels is in the medullary sheath, or that part which immediately surrounds the pith, and all parts which proceed from it, as the veins of petals, and the veins and stalks of leaves. Only the strictly spiral form of this kind of vessel contains air.

Ducts are spiral vessels which are usually broken into short coils, and sometimes into distinct rings. They differ from the spiral vessels in their inability to uncoil themselves, and in their superior size. They abound in the woody tissue of plants, and also in ferns.

But the most remarkable modification of the woody fiber is that which has been called the *glandular* form. It consists of glandular points, more or less minute, which are scattered along the walls of the woody tubes. These abound in all resinous woods; and by the aid of the microscope may still be detected in mineral coal; and hence it is inferred that coal formations were produced by buried forests of Coniferae, of which the Pines are conspicuous examples.

The *VASIFORM TISSUE* consists of large tubes having numerous little pits sunk in their walls. These are the largest vessels in the vegetable body; and they are very conspicuous in cross sections of the Mahogany, Oak, and Chestnut.

The *LATICIFEROUS TISSUE* consists of the vessels of the *latex*, which is a milky juice and in fact the nutritious or true sap of the vegetable body. These vessels are branching tubes which are found chiefly in the bark and the under side of leaves. The Laticiferous vessels abound in plants which secrete a milky juice, whence their name. They are distinguished from all others by their irregular contraction and expansion, and their disposition to ramify.

Finally, the different tissues contain the sap, and the common juices of plants. Hence we see their true office in the reception and transmission of fluids, by which motion is excited and maintained, and life preserved. They also contain starch, a very important vegetable product. In the cellular tissue of the leaf and young bark, is elaborated *chromule*, or the substance which gives its green color to the herbage, and also gums, sugar, resins, and other substances, which are called the peculiar secretions of plants. Sometimes also crystals—real and perfect crystals—are found in the cells. They are composed of various mineral substances, but mostly of oxalate of lime, and are

called *raphides*, from a Greek word meaning needles. This name was originally applied to the needle-shaped crystals found in plants of the *arum* family, but has been since extended to those of every form which are found in vegetables. Some idea of their extreme minuteness may be obtained from the calculation of Professor Bailey, who has computed that in a square inch of the inner bark of the locust tree, there are a million and a half of these microscopic minerals!

## Social and Moral Ethics.

### MARRIAGE.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

IN the true sense of the word, woman was created to be man's comforter, a joyous helpmate in hours of sunshine, a soother, when the clouds darken and the tempests howl around his head; then, indeed, we perceive the divinely beautiful arrangement which marriage enforces. Man in his wisdom, his rare mental endowments, is little fitted to bear adversity. He bows before the blast, like the sturdy pine which the wintry storm, sweeping past, cracks to its very center; while woman, as the frail reed, sways to and fro with the fierce gust, then rises again triumphantly toward the blackening sky. Her affection, pure and steadfast, her unwavering faith and devotion, sustain man in the hour of darkness, even as the trailing weed supports and binds together the mighty walls of some mouldering ruin.

Would you know why so many unhappy marriages seem to falsify the truth that they are made in Heaven? Why, we see daily diversity of interests, and terrible contentions, eating the very life away, like the ghoul in the Arabian tales, that preyed on human flesh? It is that women are wrongly educated. Instructed, trained, to consider matrimony the sole aim, the end of their existence, it matters not to whom the Gordian knot is tied, so that the tresson, wedding and eclat of bridehood follow. Soon the brightness of this false aurora borealis fades from the conjugal horizon; and the truths of life, divested of all romance, in bitterness and pain rise before them. Unfitted for duties which must be fulfilled, physically incapacitated for the responsibilities of life—mere school-girls in many instances—the chains they have assumed become cables of iron, whose heavy weight crush into the heart, erasing forever the foot-prints of affection, and leaving instead the black marks of deadly hate. Then comes the struggle for supremacy. Man in his might and power asserts his will, while woman, unknowing her sin, unguided by the divine light of love, neglects, abandons her home; then comes ruin, despair and death. God help those mistaken ones, who have thus hurried into union, ignorant of each other's prejudices, opinions and dispositions, when too late they discover there is not, nor ever can be, affinity between souls wide as the poles asunder.

Notwithstanding these miserable unions, we must consider marriage divine in its origin, and alone calculated to make life blessed. Who can imagine a more blissful state of existence than two united by the law of God and love, mutually sustaining each other in the jostlings of life; together weathering its storms, or basking beneath its clear skies; hand in hand, lovingly, truthfully, they pass onward. This is marriage as God instituted it, as it ever should be, as Moore beautifully says—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!"

To attain this bliss, this union of the soul, as well as of hands, it is necessary that much should be changed. Girls must not think, as soon as emancipated from nursery control, that they are qualified to become wives and mothers. If woman would become the true companion of man, she must not only cultivate her intellect, but strive to control her impulses and subdue her temper, so that while yielding gently, gracefully, to what appears, at the time, perhaps a harsh requirement,

she may feel within the "calm which passeth all understanding." There must be a mutual forbearance, no fierce wrestling to rule. If there is to be submission, let the wife show how meekly Omnipotent love suffereth all things. Purity, innocence and holy beauty invest such a love with a halo of glory.

Man, mistake not then thy mate, and hereafter, bitterly repenting, exclaim at the curse of marriage. No, no, with prudent foresight, avoid the ball-room belle—seek thy twin soul among the pure-hearted, the meek, the true. Like must mate with like; the kingly eagle pairs not with the owl, nor the lion with the jackal. Neither must woman rush blindly, heedlessly, into the noose, fancying the sunny hues, the lightning glances of her first admirer, true prismatic colors. She must chemically analyze them to be sure they are not reflected light alone, from her own imagination. That frightsome word to many, "old maid," ought not to exercise any influence over her firmly balanced mind; better far, however, lead a single life, than form a sinful alliance, that can only result in misery and wretchedness. Some of the purest and best women that ever lived, have belonged to that much decried condemned sisterhood.

Wed not, merely to fly from an opprobrious epithet, assume not the holy name of wife, to one who brings trueness of heart, wealth of affection, whilst you have nought to offer in return but cold respect. Your first love already lavished on another: believe me, respect, esteem, are but poor, weak talismans to ward off life's trials. Rise superior to all peurile fancies; bear nobly the odium of old maidism, if such be thy fate, and if, like Sir Walter Scott's lovely creation, Rebecca, you are separated by an impassable gulf, from your heart's chosen, or have met and suffered by the false and treacherous, take not any chance Waverly who may cross your path. Like the high-souled Jewess, resolve to live on singly, and strive with the means God has given you, to benefit, to comfort your suffering sisters.

Would man and woman give to this all-important subject, so vital to their life-long happiness, the consideration it requires, we should not so often meet with men, broken in spirit—*memento mori* legibly written on their countenances; with women prematurely old—unloving wives, careless husbands. Meditate long before you assume ties to endure to your life's end, mayhaps to eternity. Pause even on the altar-stone; if only there, thou seest thy error; for a union of hands, without hearts, is a sin against high heaven. Remember,

"There are two angels that attend unseen,  
Each one of us; and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
The good ones, after every action, closes  
His volume; and ascends with it to God.  
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,  
The record of the action fades away,  
And leaves a line of white across the page."

### USE AND DIGNITY OF LABOR.

To say that exercise gives strength is a common truism. It gives the consciousness of strength. To know that we have conquered one difficulty, is the best armor we can find in our contest with another; and every succeeding struggle gives increasing confidence, and increasing strength. Let us, then, never shrink from Labor, which is one of the grand distinctions between man and the inferior animals. The latter do, indeed, work; but their operations are all carried on within fixed boundaries. Even the most remarkable examples among them, as the Beaver, Ant, and Bee, are circumscribed by the laws of instinct, which they obey by a natural force, which they have no power to resist. But free action—conscious, voluntary, intelligent labor, is an attribute of that being only, whose unceasing law is Development, whose destiny is Progress, whose life, Eternity. F. H. G.

THE Philosopher's stone has at last been discovered! That wonderful composition which was to change all it acted upon into gold—has been found! It is INDUSTRY.



## Facts and Phenomena.

### MANIFESTO OF ROBERT OWEN, TO ALL GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLES.

PEACE, CHARITY, LOVE, UNION, AND PROGRESS, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.

A GREAT moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

Strange and incredible as it will at first appear—communications, most important and gratifying, have been made to great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations, by invisible but audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits, and to me especially from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple, and many members of my own family, Welch and Scotch.

No one who knows me will attribute superstition to me, or want of moral courage to investigate truth, and to follow it wherever it may lead.

I have honestly and fearlessly applied my best faculties to examine the religions, laws, governments, institutions, and classifications, of all nations and peoples, and I have found them all to be based on a fundamental principle of error, which pervades the whole, and which, in consequence, produces, in each of these divisions of society, evil instead of good.

I have applied all my powers of mind as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestation, said to be made by departed spirits, from another advanced state of our existence.

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in combinations and their results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of an American medium, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state. And that, from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon the earth, by various means.

From the communications which have been made to me, through the aid of this American medium,\* from Jefferson, Franklin, Grace Fletcher, and the father of our present Sovereign, I am informed that these new manifestations, or revelations, from the spiritual, or, more truly, the refined material world, are made for the purpose of changing the present false, disunited, and miserable state of human existence, for a true, united, and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character, from birth, to be based on truth, and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature.

A change which, with the concurrence of the existing authorities in Europe and America, disregarding all old preju-

\* The medium referred to is Mrs. Hayden, residing at No. 22 Queen Anne-st., Cavendish-square. All who have had opportunities of becoming well acquainted with Mrs. Hayden will testify to her simplicity of mind, to the kindness and benevolence of her disposition, and to the truthfulness of her professional statements, as well as to her extreme sensitiveness when her veracity is doubted.

dices, may be now easily effected, to the lasting benefit of all upon earth.

To delay the public announcement of these all-important truths, now that they are known to me, would be to delay unnecessarily the change from ignorance to knowledge, from poverty to wealth, from disunion to union, from falsehood to truth, from deception to honesty, from evil to good, and from general misery to universal happiness.

The means to effect this change in all countries are known.

The means by which the evils enumerated are created have become obvious.

The means by which the good may be secured, can be now peacefully and with wise foresight, introduced and gradually extended over the world.

The obstacles to be removed to prepare the way for these changes, are the errors of all religions, and the uncharitable feelings which each necessarily creates against the members of all other religions.

And the error of all existing governments, respecting the fundamental principle which can alone cultivate and stimulate the natural faculties of man, to unity, charity, truth, love or real goodness, among the human race, from the birth to the death of each.

These obstacles are to be now removed, not by violence, or abusive language, or in an unkind spirit; but with patience, forbearance, perseverance, and love for mankind, regardless of color, clime, country, class, sect, or party, or difference of race or condition.

All are to be made happy, or none can be made to be substantially and permanently so.

The means by which to effect this, the greatest of all changes in human existence, are, like all the operations of nature to attain general important results, simple in principle and easy in practice.

All that is requisite is, to supersede, without violence, the false fundamental principle on which alone human affairs have been until now constructed and governed, and the characters of all have been cultivated and formed from birth. And in practice, to abandon the evil course of creating inferior and injurious conditions, now universal throughout all countries, necessarily making those within them inferior and injurious to themselves and others. And, instead of these evil proceedings, to commence the practice of creating good and superior conditions only, in which from birth to place all of the human race. And then, from necessity, all will become good and superior, and gradually, by this new education, *very* good and *very* superior.

Were it not for these new and most extraordinary manifestations, there would arise a conflict between the evil spirits of democracy and aristocracy, which would deluge the world with blood, and would create universal violence and slaughter among all nations. But these manifestations appear to be made at this period, to prepare the world for universal peace, and to infuse into all the spirit of charity, forbearance and love.

These new and extraordinary manifestations have not changed my confidence in the truth of the principles which I have so long advocated, nor my assurance of the benefits to be derived from their universal application to practice. On the contrary, the certainty of the immense permanent advantages to be insured by the adoption of this system by the human race, has been confirmed to me by the spirits of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the Duke of Kent, and Grace Fletcher.

Those who are wise, and who are not opposed to the uni-

versal happiness of mankind, will mark, learn, and inwardly digest these things.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, March 30, 1853.

#### THE NARRATIVE.

Many would-be-philosophers, and some who forget their own difficulties in their first attempts to introduce a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, as well as those of others in introducing any new great improvements,—who do not know what has been attained and proved in other countries, and who have not calmly and perseveringly investigated the facts long since ascertained as undeniable,—will hastily decide that these new manifestations, although apparently mere extensions of animal magnetism, are cunningly devised deceptions.

Against any such crude and premature conclusions I strongly protest, knowing how long these same objectors have opposed the introduction of the system which I have for half a century advocated—a system based solely on self-evident facts, and built up of self-evident deductions of those facts—a system having in view solely the permanent good of all from birth to death—a system, and the only system, calculated to compel all from their birth to become gradually as *good, wise and happy*, as their organization, given to them by the Great Creating Power of the Universe, or God, will admit.

I protest against the conclusions of these would-be-thought wise philosophers, because I have patiently, with first impressions strongly against the truthfulness of these manifestations, investigated their history and the proceedings connected with them in the United States—have read the most authenticated works for and against them, with much desire to disbelieve those in their favor—and although against strong evidence, I long continued to doubt, and thought the whole a delusion, (but in many cases I was obliged to admit it must be an honest delusion,) I have been compelled to come to a very different conclusion.

While in doubt upon this subject I heard of the media in this country, and was casually introduced to Mrs. Hayden, an American medium, without having any intention to ask a question respecting the spirits: my object being to purchase a book which Mr. Hayden had for sale, written by a valued and most truthful friend of mine in America—Adin Ballou, who has written a plain, practical, common-sense history of this new revelation to the human race.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised, and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were. They replied to her by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found according to *their own* statements, that the spirits were those of my mother and father. I tested their truth by various questions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly.

I have since had twelve seances, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers so far as the past, and present, and very

rational replies as to the future; but these last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own afterward discovered error.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer.

The following are some of the answers which I have had from the invisible agents, said by themselves to be the spirits of departed friends, and from others whom I never saw, but whom I wished to consult.

Q.—Are there many spirits present? A.—No.

Q.—How many? A.—Two.

Q.—Who are they, and will you name them by the alphabet? A.—Wife, and Mary Owen, (my youngest daughter.)

Q.—What object have the spirits at this period, in thus manifesting themselves to us? A.—To reform the world.

Q.—Can I materially promote this object? A.—You can assist in promoting it.

Q.—Shall I be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? A.—Yes.

Q.—Shall I devote the remainder of my life to this mission? A.—Yes.

Q.—Shall I hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings, or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? A.—Through the British Parliament.

Q.—Shall I also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? A.—Yes.

Q.—Through the present American Ambassador? A.—Yes.

Q.—When shall I next hear from my family in America? A.—Next week. (This answer has proved to be correct.)

At another sitting, soon after its commencement, Mr. Smith, Editor of the *Family Herald*, and a gentleman unknown to me, came in, and I was about to desist in my inquiries and to leave them; but Mr. Smith, whom I had long known, was very urgent that I should proceed in asking the questions I intended, and I therefore proceeded.

Previous to their entrance, on its being announced that a spirit was present, I had asked,

Q.—What spirit is present? A.—(By the alphabet) Benjamin Franklin.

Q.—How shall I know you from other spirits, or that you are truly the spirit of Benjamin Franklin? A.—I will give three distinct raps. (And three very distinct raps were given.)

Q.—Is it true that conditions can be created, through man's agency, by which all may be made to become good, wise, and happy? A.—Yes.

Q.—Are the conditions which I have had so long in my mind for this purpose, those which are the best calculated to make all good, wise, and happy? A.—Yes.

Q.—What spirit, or spirits, can and will assist and advise me in accomplishing this change? A.—All will.

At this period of the sitting, as I found Mr. Smith could hear the raps more easily than I could, I gave him the pencil, and requested he would take down the answers. And the following are copied from his notes.

Q.—Have I, as has been said, some particular guardian angels? A.—Yes.

Q.—Will you name them by the alphabet? A.—Mary Owen, Anne Caroline Owen, (my daughters deceased); Robert Owen, (my father's name); Anne Williams, (my mother's maiden name).

Q.—Have I been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit? A.—Yes.

Q.—What spirit? A.—God.

(This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.)

Q.—Shall I continue to be assisted by the same spirit? A.—Yes.

Space will not admit of more in this number; but I have had twelve or thirteen other sittings, and some of them of deep interest; especially with the declared spirit of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent and Strathearn. But he has requested me not to publish his communications until a time which he will state to me.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, 5th April, 1853.

[*Journal of Commerce.*]



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The design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

New-York, May 21, 1853.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

THAT the material world, from the moment of its first evolution, has been constantly and steadily progressing toward finer elements and higher conditions, was clearly demonstrated in our last number; and we are now prepared to unfold another link in the chain of causation—to take another step in the path of progress. Let us, then, at this time give our entire attention to the development of mental power in man as a race. Scenes of long-past ages shall rise at our bidding; and we will retire behind them all, that we may obtain a better view of mankind on the very threshold of their Earth-temple, and in the early morning of Time. Then we shall more clearly comprehend how vast and wonderful has been the change.

There are many people who affect to believe that the world has made no progress, in any wise, since the days of Adam; but this is a conclusion so unphilosophical, so untrue to all the most important facts in the case, that were it not so common, it would hardly deserve the trouble of an answer. But let such people observe—since they best comprehend facts, a few points which may now very properly be set before them.

Between the development of the lower series and the superior, or human being, we observe this remarkable difference. In the inferior races the law of progress operates in a direction to unfold higher species—in the human race to unfold higher individuals. Hence the one must progress, the other must remain stationary. The lower animals, having reached that point where the species, with all its proper characteristics, is duly unfolded, make no further advances, but continue to rotate until the mission of life is accomplished, and then retire from the scene. In the earliest ages the nests and song of birds were artistically perfect, and the cells of insects geometrically exact as now. And why is this? Why have they made no improvements? We need not go very far in seeking for an

answer. It is simply because they are not gifted with reason, to reflect, and improve on what their instinct alone urges them to do. It follows, then, since reason is essential to development, that it would naturally be associated with it.

Now, setting aside all History, all Literature, all records of Science and of Art, let us look at Man wholly divested of all external aids—in the nude attributes of a simple and uncultivated nature. We behold in him a being of observation, reason, and memory. He sees what is immediately before him; he studies and reflects; and, according to the clearness of his individual ideas, he comprehends. He remembers what is in his own past experience, or that of others. He compares, and again reasons; hence he inevitably progresses.

But in order more clearly to illustrate this idea, let us go back to the earliest, or silvan ages. Here we find Man a naked savage, inhabiting holes of the earth, and nourished by spontaneous productions of the soil—fruits, roots, and the mucilaginous bark and leaves of trees. He knows nothing of the uses of fire—nothing of Agriculture, of the principles of Mechanics, of the most simple manufacture, nor even of the first elements of speech. Yet that being, rude and gross as he appears, standing there, away back in the dim distance, was as much and truly a man, as the wisest sage of any subsequent times; for he had within himself the germs of capability for all human acquisition and achievement. And yet we can hardly comprehend this, as we behold him, in his almost statue-like immobility of soul, or gazing around, in the dumb wonder of his unconscious power. These germs of intellect, infected by the vitality of the physical conditions, were irritated, and finally inspired by a tendency to corresponding life. And thus, one by one, the most simple and obvious wants came to be supplied, one improvement suggesting another, until there was a material change in human condition.

We advance into later times. A patriarch makes some improvement, perhaps in tillage. He dies; but his son has already been instructed. He looks further into the matter, and brings out a more important principle. The secret is communicated to his neighbors, his tribe; and thence, by interchange of social feeling, or more probably by war, it is propagated into other tribes. It is diffused, and continually transmitted, and becomes the property of the world. So with Manufactures—so with Arts—so with all that advances the condition of mankind. The aggregate of human experience, which is knowledge, is bequeathed by generation to generation, by age to age; while the ability to occupy in the best manner the premises thus obtained, and to draw from them the truest and most important deductions—or the power which we denominate wisdom, continually strengthens and refines.

But again it may be objected, that there are so many apparent interruptions of this law, as essentially to disturb, if not to destroy its force. Nations rise, attain a certain degree of civilization, then gradually decline—and finally either fall, or recede into utter barbarism. If Human Nature in any of its phases were a fixed fact, requiring certain specific conditions, as of time and place, in order to maintain its growth and progress; or if the elements of progress were purely material, the argument might be a plausible one. But we know that neither of these is true. The spirit of actions can not be annihilated nor even effectually controlled, for a considerable length of time, by any accidental circumstances, whatsoever; and the principle of progress is precisely the most volatile—that is, the least material, and the most spiritual, of any in the whole com-



position of society. Hence the apparent fall and recession of the masses, are not always to be relied on as true indices of the absolute amount of light, which may have been attained, or lost, in any given period.

The question is not, whether a nation is, at any particular time, in a higher or lower plane of development, but simply whether the world at large suffers actual loss, in the decadence of any of its members. Is the totality of civilization affected by such events? We may be referred to the miserable Italian wandering amid the moldering colonnades of departed Rome—to the degenerate Greek, who still lingers amid the classic scenes of his once unrivaled Attica—to the dark Nubian, and the swart Egyptian, who plunder the traveler of the desert, unconscious of the golden ages when Science drank at the fountains of the Nile, and Art bequeathed imperishable monuments to the land of the Pyramids—ay and to the Ruins of perhaps more ancient American cities, where the departed Nations have left no representative, but only a blank silence, to tell us of the Past! Where are the splendors of Babylon the Great? Where are the purple glories of Tyre—Tyre, the imperial mistress of the seas—who once beheld the commerce of the world sitting at her feet? Where is the progress of all these? The hollow voice of Echo, amid all their ruins, only answers, "Where?"

And yet this truth does not affect the question at all; because the spiritual can never be estimated, or measured by the material. We behold the ruins; but we can not trace the spirit which once animated them with the life and character of genius. Think ye that the minds of the Designer of Carnac, the Architect of Luxor, the Sculptors of Elephanta, or the Artists of Palenque and ancient Quito, died out when their peoples fell into decay, and "left the world no copy?"

Was there less wisdom in the earth, when Rome finally sat down in dust and ashes, to mourn over her broken toys, the ruined baubles of her overgrown empire, than when her power overshadowed every land, as her fleets stretched over every sea? Certainly not.

The monopoly of power by nations, if it is forcibly attained, and held, and made the minister of brute force, is, as well as that of individuals, a violation of the rights of those who by that means are deprived of their natural and just proportion of the common wealth or power. This must be so; for if there is an absolute amount of any good thing, and one takes what belongs to two, it follows that one other must lose what naturally belongs to him; and so on through larger appropriations. Hence it becomes clear that when a nation is founded on false principles, such as conquest, robbery, wrong in any form, and sustained by the same, that its destruction is but a tendency of the moral elements of vitality in the race, which, not less than the physical elements, seek an equilibrium—that is, seek justice and right.

But in the immediate fall there is apparent loss, apparent mischief, apparent diminution of light; yet in reality it never is; nor can it be so. But the great luminaries, though they may set in clouds, and darkness, and blood, are not lost. They surely rise again, on some more serene and beautiful horizon, to attain to yet higher altitudes, to diffuse abroad through wider spheres a more brilliant illumination, and a more enduring life; and thus the apparent interruption may lead the way to more signal and determined victories of Thought and Genius—to more excellent attainments in all that can advance, and do honor to the Race.

Great and good actions never die; for although they may not be remembered, nor even known in the form, they are essentially immortal. And when a nation is overcome by brute force, all there is in it of good—all that is vital—must still live. They pass into other nations. They go with messages of light and love to other shores. They may be projected by the impulse of these convulsive changes into remote regions, which they would not otherwise have visited, and where also they are most wanted. Every principle of Good must live. No machinery of savage warfare—and all warfare is savage—can compass it about, or take away its life. Truth and Right are immortal. They may be put to the sword, and crushed in the material form of their expounder; but the essence escapes—it lives. It even gathers a new life and power. In the expiring agonies of the dying martyr the divine principles for which he suffers may be sent forth with such a terrible and resistless energy as they never could have had in the previous life, into the very soul that is expanded, and waiting to receive them—waiting to conduct them into a wider sphere, and a higher plane of action. So it is. Only the phenomenal can be destroyed. There is no death—there is no fall—there is no decay to the living. Life, when once established, must have growth; and growth is progress.

In the exterior fact nations have fallen and disappeared from the Earth; but the Spirit and Genius of nations was bequeathed to Humanity—to the world. Thus Judea and Ethiopia enriched Egypt with the treasures of their wisdom in Science and Art. Egypt, in her turn, became the nursing mother of Greece, Greece of Rome, Rome of Britain and other European nations—and these of the world.

This subject will be resumed at another time.

#### THE HEAVEN ON EARTH.

It has been a prevailing custom among religionists to pray and labor to be saved from devouring flames after having undergone the process of death, and to gain an entrance into the golden city of the redeemed, which is called Heaven. The real joys of human redemption have been thus put far away in the depths of the eternal future, and men have rested satisfied in the conviction that but little can or need be done for humanity now, more than to prepare the soul for the final judgment. Society, its wrongs, its imperfections, and its miseries, have been looked upon as the unavoidable visitations of Divine justice, which are to be endured without murmuring, and recognized as necessary, without any earnest effort to attain a higher condition. The race may grope in darkness, seethe in sin, and fester in corruption, but if a plan can be devised by which hell can be escaped and heaven gained at last, the aspirations of all priesthood are satisfied. But is it not selfish and cowardly in the most mournful degree—even beneath the dignity of man—to thus leave humanity in all its present sufferings, and ride off on some scape-goat into the wilderness, where by prayer, and fasting, and penance, the individual may conciliate the favor of God, and obtain for himself a ticket of admission into the realms of bliss?

It is a thought which is worthy of the human soul, and one which should be deeply impressed, that something may be done to ameliorate the condition of the race *now*, and that the kingdom of heaven, which has been placed so far away in the distance, should be brought down to the view and experience of man on earth. Let it be known that the world can only be

truly saved through the process of interior development, and that heaven can be only really enjoyed when it is established in the human heart. Salvation must be *worked out*, not by any external acts of penance or devotion, but by a progressive unfolding of the spiritual powers; and it is only in such a salvation as this, that the inward longings of humanity can reach their ultimate gratification. The divine life must be breathed, and lived, and felt, before heaven can ever be enjoyed; if this life be infused into the soul here, spreading its sweet joys and holy harmonies through all the depths of the interior man, then is heaven established on the earth, and the soul's purest and divinest prayer is answered. In the bringing of this heaven on earth, the philanthropist will find an object worthy of all his self-sacrificing devotion; and in the pursuance of an end so great and high, his steps shall be directed by the bright soul-flame of his own love, while his pathway is illumined with the smile of angelic ministers.

c.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

**PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD:** Communicated by Spirits through the mediumship of Rev. Charles Hammond. New-York: Part-ridge & Brittan.

It appears by this work that the spirits of Thomas Paine and William Penn were awaiting the expected demise of Thos. Jefferson and John Adams, for the purpose of instructing them in certain important principles before they should leave the rudimental sphere. For this purpose they were first conducted to the tomb of Washington, and thence to the Capitol of the Nation. Here the great fundamental questions of Government are ably discussed in a dialogue which is mostly between Jefferson and Penn; and it must be confessed that the accomplished author of the Declaration of Independence has the worst of the argument. The doctrine of Governments here set forth is, and must be, radically true and sound; for it has respect to the inalienable rights which are found—not in majorities alone, but also in minorities. The great danger of popular governments—or the incapacity of judgment in choosing their rulers, which must ever be found among the unenlightened masses, is strongly set forth; and the fundamental rights of the individual, which underlie all law—all constitutions—are ably sustained.

The work is at times somewhat verbose in style; it has nowhere that intense concentration which is seen in "Light from the Spirit-world," and there is also an occasional want of clearness; but all this aside, it contains a large amount of truth which it would be well for us all to study and appropriate. The evil effects that flow from the lessons of Human History, on the ground that the continued contemplation of Violence and Wrong vitiates the mind, and corrupts the heart, are strongly and truly delineated; and the doctrine that we need contrasts in order to distinguish between good and evil, is severely, but not unjustly handled as the following passage will show:

The contrast of one thing with another never changes the intrinsic value of any thing. Neither does it serve to qualify the mind for a better appreciation of the things compared. Hell is not necessary to make a heaven, nor a devil to make a God; and that disciple must be a dull student, who could not realize joy without suffering, love without hate, or God without a devil. The idea which man has imbibed, of forming a correct idea of truth, by comparing it with error, of right by contrasting it with wrong, is neither advantageous to his progress, nor very far distant from heathenism. They had images of good and evil deities, and so marked were the contrasts, that they

soon found it convenient to go on with the contrasts still further. Accordingly they made an Elysium and a Tartaros—a kingdom for the good being, and a kingdom for the evil one. They made these impressions upon men's minds, and they have descended from generation to generation, so that the impression is not eradicated to this day. Here is the force of contrasts, and history shows all the effects of such contrasts. Elysium was promised to the good, and Tartaros threatened to the bad. The good were reckoned as including those who served the state, the country to which they belonged; and the bad they who rebelled, or refused to submit to the mandates of priests and kings. All virtue was distinguished from vice by comparisons and contrasts. They could not worship a good Being without the fear of an evil one; nor do good to the needy without a hell to aid them, as they thought. Virtue was meaningless without vice, and wisdom misunderstood without folly. Hence folly made her heaven and her hell, and man has had all the advantages of both, and yet he is not reformed of his sins nor his errors.

Contrasts will never develop virtue. Antagonisms neutralize each other. The impression of wrong is an antagonism of good; it is as water to fire; it is as cold to heat; or as darkness to light. It negatives the impression of good; and man, impressed with wrong and right, will act as the preponderating influence shall direct. The mind impressed with wrong, and not right, will act wrong. Hence, the impression of cruelty, no matter what is the intention, is negative of good to the extent of its power. Teach a child from its birth, by word and deed, only cruelty, and cruelty will constitute its character. It will not do any thing but what is cruel, because it has no other impression. The impression is the controlling power. It is the only desire; and whatever it desires, it does. On the contrary, exclude all wrong, all cruelty, and allow only good to be impressed upon the mind, and no evil can flow from it, because there is no evil in it. The stream will be like the fountain.

With the following lovely picture of millennial peace and beauty, we must close our remarks, merely saying that if men and women could only comprehend the divine possibility, how soon that happy period would come.

No mortal ear hath heard the music which will fall upon the ear of humanity, nor mortal eye hath seen the light which will dawn upon the souls of men. The glory of the Lord shall descend like rain, and the thirsty shall bathe in the cloud of purity; for, when it overshadows the soul, no doubt or despair shall corrode the mind. Then will spirits mingle with minds in earth's sphere, and the dark night of superstition shall flee away. Then shall the loved of earth unite with the loved of heaven, and their communion shall be sweet and enduring. Then shall society learn, that revelation is never closed so long as the wonders of eternity are unknown. Then shall humanity receive such measure of grace and truth as the soul shall be competent to appreciate, and in such form as will be best suited to the improvement and perfection of the receiver. Then shall spirits become the ministers of God, and men and women the receivers of his love and wisdom, so that all who give and all who receive may rejoice together.

**A REVIEW OF THE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS,** by Charles Beecher. Putnam & Co.

THIS work, to which we have made previous allusion, has appeared in the form of a neat pamphlet, and is animated by a spirit far more free and progressive than would have been naturally anticipated, in view of the peculiar circumstances under which it has had its birth. The work sanctions an investigation of spiritual manifestations—rejects the puerile and unphilosophical objections which are made to them by those who are totally ignorant of the subject—admits that there is a reality in the various phenomena of this class which points distinctly to their spiritual origin, and recommends that the faith and experiences of spiritual believers be met with consistent reasoning, instead of ridicule and contempt.

## Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;  
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER VII.—JOY OF DEVELOPMENT.

THEODOSIA had always been fond of the natural sciences; and she now turned to them with renewed ardor. Mineralogy, which had been a favorite study with Jozef, became hers also; and never was a richer field anywhere presented to a student in this science, than lay around her. The *Padré* wisely encouraged this predilection, for it was not only consonant with his own taste, but he saw in it a means of occupation, and enjoyment, which, by absorbing her attention and interest, abstracted her mind from the shadow of her great loss.

And even Madame Laurette, though she at first remonstrated against the introduction of anything short of absolute gems into the house; yet she, too, seeing how happy her beloved child had become in the pursuit, forebore to complain of the annoyance; though, it must be confessed, her habits of nicety and order, were put to a severe test by the masses that accumulated in every apartment, not one of which might be destroyed; for every one had some peculiar value—by some mysterious process which the good lady could not comprehend, being invested with a kind of sacred character. So she followed in the wake of the young naturalist, attended ever by a servant, with broom and duster, content if she might be permitted to remove the fragments.

At length the matter was finally settled by the good *Padré*, who, greatly to the satisfaction of all parties, and to the most especial delight of Theodosia, caused a spacious and elegant cabinet to be erected. Day after day the young heiress made excursions to the neighboring mountains, for the purpose of procuring specimens, attended by a train worthy of a princess. The *Padré*, who had early been an ardent devotee of the science, now seemed to live his youth over again, in the zealous labors of his delighted pupil. He not only made her a free donation of all his own treasures; but he established correspondences with the most important mining districts of South America, and also with the most distinguished naturalists abroad, for the purpose of negotiating the purchase or exchange of specimens; and going on at this rate, there would soon be scarce a gem under heaven, or indeed a mineral substance, but might reasonably aspire to a representation in the cabinet of Gloria.

It was remarkable that Theodosia, in all the specimens she obtained, always, as far as possible, sought for duplicates. This she made so strong a point of, that the *Padré* one day asked her why it was. She blushed, but only replied that it was her fancy. The instinct of companionship in such pursuits is so strong, that she was maintaining an ideal one, even with that errant Jozef.

This period was, to Theodosia, another of the bright dreams of youth; but the great work was not yet accomplished; the highest excellence was not achieved; and therefore, beautiful as it was, it could not last. But she had already reached a higher plane of thought and feeling; and from this vantage-ground she was to take her next step.

The *Padré* had been appointed executor of the will, an office which found its business soon dispatched; but in due process of time came a letter from the Uncle, acknowledging his acceptance of the guardianship, and merely saying that in course of the year he should visit his ward, when he would attend in person to the future disposition of her affairs, forbidding positively any important step being taken until he came. For the first time, then it occurred to Theodosia that he might control her movements, and perhaps he would curtail her freedom. But she would not indulge the idea, though it often intruded itself, with a feeling of uneasiness for which she could not account. The

letter, itself, was so cold and measured, even in its attempts at condolence, that it oppressed the orphan's heart with a sentiment of distrust and repugnance, which she vainly strove to banish; but still she was far from realizing that the word of that severe uncle was, for several years, at least, to be her law. Thus she was wholly unprepared for his reception, when, without any previous announcement, he arrived at Rio Janeiro.

This event happened at the close of one of her most happy days. She had been with her queenly retinue, making an excursion into the country, which had been more than usually successful. She was highly elated; and Madame Laurette, and the *Padré*, had often exchanged glances of mutual congratulation during the day, when they saw that the beautiful joy-beam was again breaking out, as of old, in that rich, dark eye, and the sweet peace of childhood was revisiting her innocent bosom. Alas! they knew not that the timid doveling, that was folding its wings there so tremulously, was doomed to a sudden and violent death!

How often a premonition of evil steals into our sereneest, happiest hours, as if we were only permitted to press our lips to the cup of joy, as a foretaste of heaven, while some internal monitor is directly sent, to warn us that the volatile essence is evaporating—lost—lost, forever. Thus it was with Theodosia; for often the joyous shout that sprang from her lips at the acquisition of some new treasure, was suddenly broken off, and died in the midst of its own sweetness—why she could not tell; for she had never been so gay since her great loss. Still that had been a very happy day; and Theodosia often thought, afterward, that it was her last.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE UNCLE.

ON her return, it was abruptly announced to Theodosia that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the library; and winged by a vague impression of terror, at the approach of some unknown evil, and at the same time with a determination to look it in the face, whatever it might be, she rushed into the apartment, without waiting for the accustomed escort of her Governess or Tutor. But her steps were arrested the moment she had crossed the threshold, and she was transfixed with an insupportable feeling of dismay and repulsion. There sat an elderly gentleman, severely neat in his person; but his whole air and expression were measured, cold, and hard. Yet she knew, by some slight traces of resemblance to the dear departed, that she looked upon her uncle; but O, how unlike was he to that sainted father!

His very clothes sat upon him with a compression, that seemed to correspond with the tightness of his soul. She would have given any thing to have turned on her steps, and left the room; but if common politeness would have permitted this, respect for the memory of her father would not. With a strong effort nerving herself, she advanced. But it seemed as if some repulsive force emanated from every point of the stranger. Still she struggled against it; and timidly holding out her hand, she approached him.

Wholly incapable of perceiving feelings so delicate and tender, he had been surveying her with an eye of cold and measured scrutiny; but as she came nearer, he rose, and coldly saying, "Miss Birnette, I presume!" he took her hand; and as he led her to a chair, stooped down, and kissed her forehead.

The touch of his lips was like icicles. But Theodosia had not only a true heart, but a strong will; and remembering her father, and his injunction to love her uncle, though she instinctively felt that it was impossible, she would not surrender without the strongest possible effort to preserve obedience to that dear word, which was still her highest law. With the memory of that sainted father warming through her heart, and melting in her eyes, she looked up into his face, and said, "Is it my uncle?"

"I was the brother of your father;" returned Mr. Birnette. "But pray, Miss, be seated; for as my business will admit of very short stay in this country, and the ship in which I am passenger just touches at this port, we have much to do in a short time."

The sweet words of welcome died on the lips of the girl; and oppressed with an intolerable feeling of loathing, and abhorrence, mechanically she obeyed.



"To-morrow, Miss," he proceeded, "you will have all your personal effects put in readiness for removal; as I have arranged to place you in an excellent seminary in Paris; and the ship will sail the first fair wind after to-morrow."

If the earth had opened before her—if a thunder-bolt had broken at her feet—Theodosia could not have been more astonished, or terror-stricken. At first she was actually dumb; for the quivering lips denied the passage of a word; but she had never known anything of arbitrary power, and could not yet comprehend it. She had been from her birth the undisputed empress of her father's domain; and if she had really been invested with imperial dignity, she could not have been more zealously attended, and obeyed. Truly hers had been only an empire of love; and she knew nothing of any other sphere.

Not with an idea of opposition; but simply from the habit of referring everything to her own convenience, rallying herself, as if suddenly conscious of a new necessity for warfare, she said: "It is quite impossible, my dear uncle. I can not think of leaving home; and if I should do so, it would take a much longer time than you propose to get me ready."

"I have arranged for you to go, Miss;" he replied, with increased sternness. "It is, perhaps, best for both of us, that you should understand now, in the beginning, that what I say, I mean, and what I intend, I carry forward."

"Indeed, I must have misunderstood you;" persisted Theodosia. "You can not, surely, think of taking me away from here, where I have been so happy—from here, where my dear father and mother repose! My father could have had no idea of such a step."

"Your father, Miss, by his last legal act, placed you under my guardianship. It is now your duty to obey me. I am a man of few words. I never waste anything, and especially them; for they are money to me. I expected to find a spoiled and froward child. I am neither disappointed, nor unprepared. My plans are all settled; and I shall not change them. Obedience is now your sole duty; and," he added, looking into hers with his cold eyes, that seemed like leaden bullets smiting her to the heart with every word, "it will be well for you if you remember it. The sooner you make up your mind to that effect, the better."

Theodosia seemed to have been invested with a strength not her own. The very enormity of the proposition roused, and nerved her; and she who had never before, in her life, found occasion scarcely for remonstrance, now stood on the platform alone, pleading with an unquailing eye, before that hard-visaged, and hard-hearted man.

"My father"—she said, with an expression of firmness and self-reliance which had sprung up spontaneously to her aid, "my father never required me to do what was unpleasant to myself; for he knew it was my highest pleasure to obey him." Her voice softened, and trembled, as she uttered this; but after choking a moment, she went on. "He always indulged me in all innocent wishes; and I do not believe he ever intended to convey to any one a power to do otherwise."

"What he intended, Miss, is of little consequence. What he has done will completely bear me out in my plans. Get ready. That is all I have to say."

Was that sound the echo of his heavy step, as he turned, and left the room. Poor Theodosia!—She heard only the last words. The contrast between the past, and the present—between the father, and the uncle, rushed on her with such a terrible shock that she fell senseless to the floor.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE SEPARATION.

It is impossible to describe the consternation, and terror, that filled the house, when this fact, and its exciting cause, became known. There was weeping and lamentation throughout the premises; for their precious young lady was the dear, familiar idol of whole household.

It was in vain that the good *Padré*, and *Madame Laurette*, strove to change the mind of *Mr. Birnette*. They soon saw that this was impossible; and with heavy hearts they began collecting the choicest and dearest things together.

"Whatever you most value," said *Madame*, "we will try to save for you, my sweet *Theodosia*; and take comfort, my love; you will be very fine in Paris, I dare say; and we shall bring you out in a manner your dear father, himself, would approve. Now just say what most pleases you; and we will take it with us."

"Ah! that is impossible, my dear friend!" returned *Theodosia*, her sad eyes overflowing as she spoke; "that is quite impossible; for every tree, and shrub, and vine, every nook and valley, seems now to grow into my heart, as if it were a part of myself. O, dearest papa!" continued the poor girl, clasping her hands together, and wringing them with an expression of unutterable anguish. "O, dearest papa, and mamma! if you knew what your child is suffering, you would come back here, to support, and console, and protect her!"

As she spoke, a singular illumination passed over her features; and she directly became calm. The hands, still folded, fell, resting on her bended knees; and for a few moments she appeared wholly rapt. Suddenly rising, she turned to *Madame Laurette*, with a serenity of countenance that amazed her. "Do you believe," she asked, "that our departed friends ever speak to us?"

"Why, my love, do you ask that?"

"Because, just as I had uttered the words, 'they would come back,' I seemed to feel, rather than hear, down deep in my soul, an assurance of their presence. Much was uttered in that moment of silence—much that I feel I shall yet have need of, though I can not speak it now; but I think it chiefly told me to submit without repining. Ah! that is clearly my duty now! I will submit; for even in idea, I will not be disobedient to my dear parents."

*Madame Laurette* kissed the now flushed cheek of *Theodosia*, and whispering, "Go, my love, and try to get some rest;" she led her to the *Padré*, who wept as he added a particular blessing to the common benediction. But little sleep visited the eyes of poor *Theodosia*, during that almost interminable night; and when at last she forgot the present scene, it was only to be plunged in, if possible, more distressing ones. Evil and malicious beings seemed to surround, and oppress, and torture her; and gladly did she hail the first light, which announced the opening of another day.

*Mr. Birnette* attempted to make a hurried and forced sale of the *Fazenda*; but though it was offered at very low terms, an impression so greatly to his disfavor had gone abroad, that no one was selfish enough to get a bargain, at the expense of his honor. No one, indeed, liked the manner in which he was about to carry away *Theodosia*, who, in addition to being the chief heiress of *Rio Janeiro*, was universally beloved for her gentleness, her intelligence, and her many endearing qualities. In fact there was a spirit of chivalry roused in her behalf, which had actually set a scheme on foot for her rescue from the hands of her unnatural relative; but which was defeated by the unexpected escape of the plunderer with his helpless prey.

Finding that none of the gentry attended the sale, *Mr. Birnette* was obliged to accede to a proposition of the *Padré* and *Madame Laurette*, who, when they saw how things were going, felt a desire to rescue the home of *Theodosia* from the spoiler, that it might sometime, perchance, be a refuge for the dear child—for which purpose they both agreed it should be religiously kept.

By good management they obtained the place at the lowest terms offered; and as it was to remain in the hands of a worthy person, who had long been in the service of the family, it was thought best that *Theodosia's* cabinet and library should be left undisturbed, especially since there would not be time to pack them properly. It had also been arranged that *Madame Laurette* should accompany her charge, and that the *Padré* should remain behind, for the purpose of attending to several points of business, and after a few months, rejoin the home party in Paris. But the good Father accompanied them to the ship; and *Theodosia*, faint and nearly exhausted with weeping, was lifted on board.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE can be done without determination; and certainly no great acquirement can be made without patience and steady application.

## HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

## THE ARCHITECTURAL AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

As the intellect of man gradually expanded, the progress of civilization became continually more apparent and determined. It was found also that the discovery of a necessity always included a parallel discovery; or, in other words, the necessity itself, as soon as it became really apparent, was found to enfold within its bosom germs of the future improvement, or relief. Numerous examples in illustration of this fact might be adduced; yet I forbear, since the history of Art in those rudimental times should be made up of outlines, and general views, leaving shades and particulars for periods of higher development.

It began to be perceived that grounds which had been mellowed by previous tillage, were better for certain crops, such as esculent roots, and the tenderer kinds of pulse, than those which had never been cultivated. With the knowledge of this fact came a new principle of inhabitiveness; and therefore those families that depended chiefly on the fruits of the soil began to regard themselves as permanent residents. So a new era dawned on the history of man.

The tent, as a place of residence, was suddenly found to be incommensurable, and inconvenient, in many respects; therefore men would enlarge and improve their habitations. They looked abroad and beheld the ant, the mole, and many other animals, seeking out places where their proper food was most abundant, and building for themselves permanent abodes; and why should not man do likewise, seeing he was lord of all? It was but a natural condition of society and an inevitable tendency of things, that man should secure his title to such spots as had been improved by his own labor, and confirm his citizenship by a permanent residence, so he might more securely eat the fruit of his toil. The analogy and the necessity were irresistible; and the sleeping waters only waited for the angel to come down and stir them: nor was it long before that angel came.

It happened in those times that the fairest damsel of the country wide, was betrothed to a comely youth of the same tribe, whose name was Hindus. And when it was expected that the nuptial rites would be celebrated without delay, the father interposed his authority, and declared that Hindus was wholly unworthy of his child, inasmuch as he had rendered no essential service to the public; and, moreover, that his habits of late had been even more objectionable than formerly; since if he had not spent his time in idleness, he could show no evidence to the contrary; and therefore he declared that he should immediately give his daughter in marriage to a young hunter, who had just rendered himself famous by killing a tiger; and who, flushed by his brilliant exploit, and encouraged by the father, ventured to lay the slain monster, as a trophy, at the feet of the mistress who had formally rejected him. But Zerah kept sacred her maiden troth; for though Hindus was before his age, and therefore could not be entirely appreciated, yet she had an instinct by which she estimated him more accurately than others.

Such was the state of things when Hindus returned from abroad; for he had frequently wandered away of late, though no one knew whither. As both families were distinguished, the chief men of the tribe were called together; and the father made known his decision in full convention of the people. When it was thought that the rejected youth should sink to the ground, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, he came forward with a confident air, and besought a hearing. At first this seemed on the point of being denied; for the young hunter's brilliant exploit had taken strong hold of the imaginations of that most imaginative people. But after several efforts Hindus partially succeeded in quelling the tumult; and then he spoke—thus briefly, and to the point:

"Fathers, Brothers, and chiefly father of my betrothed Zerah, I blame you not for your decision. Looking only on the outside, it seems right and just. But, Fathers; the surface is not always a true index. I have appeared to you idle, but I hope and believe, that I

have been doing a greater service to the public, than if I had slain ten tigers."

A murmur of disapprobation followed this remark; but no one offered to interrupt him; for in those simple times men had not learned to quarrel systematically, nor had they ever made wrangling a profession. Hindus went on. Zerah is yet very young: then let her, O my father, dwell in her mother's tent for the space of three moons. Meanwhile I go to a land near by, to work out a thought that is in me—a work which I believe will render me worthy of her and of my race."

The justice of this simple request commended itself to the favor of all; so the father of Zerah took a stone, and set it in the midst, for a sign of the covenant which he made with Hindus. Then the youth bidding his betrothed be of good cheer, and wait patiently until the three moons should pass away, withdrew to parts unknown.

Three times the slender horns of the young moon had expanded into the perfect sphere; and the last day which limited the period of absence was already drawing to a close; yet he came not. The solitary maiden could not bear the loneliness of her mother's tent; and she went forth in the pensive twilight, seating herself on the flowery bank which bent lovingly to the basin of a clear fountain. She looked sadly at her own image, as it was mirrored in the smooth water, for the roses on her cheek had faded, and the luster of her eye had grown dim with intense anxiety and much weeping. Just above the western horizon, in the clear blue, hung one golden star, and near by a silvery crescent, that seemed melting away in the depths of azure. The same fair star, and crescent, which had looked, with their soft healing eyes into bleeding hearts through all ages of the past, and will continue their ministry of love through all ages of the future, looked also into the desolate heart of Zerah, and, comforted her. A trembling arm passed gently round the maiden as she knelt, winging the dearly loved name in a simple prayer to Astaroth;\* and the bright tears that were trickling down her cheeks, were softly kissed away.

The next day all the tribes went forth to witness, and decide, who should be the husband of Zerah. Hindus led the way. Having passed a long distance through the forest, they emerged into a broad and fertile valley, which bore traces of a higher degree of cultivation than had yet been known. There were extensive fields of various kinds of grain, and pulse, and roots, with neat hedge-rows planted between. It was in truth a goodly sight to see them all, with their blossoms and their green leaves, shimmering in the morning light, and gemmed with dew. But what was that which enchained the observers, one and all, as if they had been spell-bound? And why that loud and thrilling shout of all voices blent in one, that rang through the dim old woods, and pealed over the echoing waters, as if it would overleap the utmost boundaries of space, and penetrate the depths of remotest time, a herald of joy to the distant Future!

On a gentle eminence, commanding at once the finest expansion of the valley, the bold sweep of the river, and the majestic outline of the distant hills, appeared a structure for which, as yet, the language of Earth had not found a name. There stood, in short, THE FIRST HOUSE ever reared by human hands. Nothing could be more lovely than the scene. The gentle Indian cow was seen grazing on intervals of flowery meadow land that came up between the cultivated fields, the flat surface gradually becoming undulating, until it rounded up into hills, now dotted with sheep, now partially sheltering in their green nooks, the timid fawn, and the graceful antelope; while further still over the towering cliffs in the extreme distance, clambered the daring goat. It was a picture worthy of the golden Age.

Did not Hindus, who had achieved all this, show himself worthy of the maid he loved, and of the tribe which gave him birth? His title was confirmed by acclamation; and the beautiful Zerah was led to her green bowery palace of love by her father's hand, amid the blessings of all. Even the young hunter, whose soul was too truly noble for envy, or jealousy, brought to Zerah the gift with which he had thought to present her, as his own bride. Then grasping the hand of

\* The goddess Astaroth, or Astarte, was one of the chief deities of most ancient oriental nations; and the moon was worshiped as her representative.

his rival, he said, "Take her, my brother; and peace be with you! for thou, only, art worthy of her."

The manner in which this first house was constructed should now be shown. It will be remembered that the uses of iron were as yet unknown; and hence the felling of large trees was attended with great difficulty. Our inventor, however, after long study, hit upon a thought which superseded the necessity of this; though he had an idea, that could an instrument be obtained for felling and dividing trees, dwellings might be easily constructed. But the world was not ready for the accomplishment of this; and therefore it was not done. Instead of attempting to cut down the trees, he dug up a large quantity of saplings by their roots, and planted them near together, in a line inclosing a hollow square of about forty feet. Four poles were then elevated to the height of about ten feet on the inside, being made fast at the corners, so as to give firmness to the structure, and shape to the roof. The flexible stems were then bent over these poles, on two opposite sides, being attached at equal distances to a pole, which extended from end to end, to make the point of inclination for the roof, and was supported by being strongly fastened on each side to the branches of a tree, which thus afforded both strength and shade. In this fact, doubtless we trace the origin of the term *roof-tree*, since the first ridge-pole was literally a tree; and, by its application, was made a *ROOF-TREE*. The ends of the roof were wrought with the sides by interweaving the branches together; and the apertures were further closed by the introduction of strips of bamboo, wrought with the sapling stems; and the whole, being thatched with the large glossy leaves of the palm, was made impervious to rain.

Doors and windows were also made of osiers and cane. Nor was the inside less remarkable for its convenience and elegance of finish. A flooring had been made of large and strong bamboos, cut through the middle, and laid parallel to each other, with their convex sides up. Over this were spread mats of various rich skins; and couches, and ottomans, framed of cane, and stuffed with mosses. The space also was divided into several apartments for sleeping, eating, and ordinary purposes, each being furnished with such conveniences, or ornaments, as those simple times afforded; and, indeed, also with many others, which had sprung from the facile hand of the young inventor. There were shells, and corals, and feathers, and curious and rare productions of many kinds; and baskets and vases, of new and graceful forms, filled with choice flowers and luscious fruits. Many beautiful flowers were also planted around the little paradise, and already several fine creepers garlanded the outer walls, twining themselves lovingly, and peeping with their soft dewy eyes, into that home of love.

And so men, in the first ages of the world, learned to build themselves houses; and in this manner they continued to embower themselves, until they came to fell and divide trees by the application of fire; when the less picturesque, but more substantial log house was constructed.

And so Hindus won his beautiful bride; and young Zerah was left to dwell with him who became a prince among his people, giving his name to the country, and his character to the age in which he lived.

Original.

### A REQUIEM.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

STILLY, oh! stilly,  
Lay her gently down;  
Soft be her slumbers  
In the damp, chilly ground:  
Hush thee! oh, hush thee!  
Breathe not a sigh,  
Her spirit hath gone  
To its home in the sky!

Bright was her beauty,  
Deep was her worth,  
And Angels came down  
To take her from Earth!  
Strew blossoms, fresh blossoms  
O'er the place of her rest,

Fit emblems are they  
Of the souls of the Blest.

We have let down the curtain,  
We've put out the light—  
Oh, calmly and sweetly  
May she dream through the night:  
Let the snow and the storm  
Beat over her head,  
For nothing can trouble  
The sleep of the dead!

I met her, and loved her,  
In the bloom of her youth,  
And I thought her a model  
Of pureness and truth:  
But she's gone, like a queen,  
To her realms in the sky,  
And angels are chanting  
Her welcome on high.

Oh, bleak is the Earth  
When winter comes round,  
And dark is the night  
When the moon has gone down:  
And life's richest treasures,  
Ah! what are they worth,  
When the voice of a loved one  
Has died out on Earth?

But again the Moon rises,  
The Spring-time will bloom,  
Lo! the loved-one we've buried  
Shall ascend from the tomb.  
For the Fire-immortal  
Thou hast breathed in this clod—  
For the bright Hope of Heaven  
I bless Thee, Oh God!  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Original.

### SONG OF THE TREES.

BY FANNY GREEN.

WAVING—waving—to and fro  
As our deep life-currents flow—  
Answering to the hum of bees,  
And the music of the breeze,  
All our loving arms entwine  
With a harmony divine.

Looking upward to the sky—  
Ever radiant—ever high—  
We are learning to aspire—  
We are ever reaching higher!—  
While our roots, far down below,  
Larger, stronger, deeper grow.

Soft the vernal zephyr came,  
Breathing life through all our frame—  
Touched the swelling bud's deep fold,  
And the silken sheath unrolled—  
Calling forth the leaflet fair,  
To inhale its vital air.

See the warm and sunny ray  
Through our silvery branches play,  
Till a mesh of light and shade  
On the mossy ground is laid,  
As the spangling drops shoot down  
That impearl our emerald crown.

Every leaf is thrilling now—  
Stirring branch and bending bough,  
In the breath of this sweet hour  
Feel a deep, mysterious power;—  
Life is progress; and we know  
It is joy to live—and grow.

Looking upward to the sky,  
We have stretched ourselves on high—  
Spreading outward to the air,  
We have grown so wondrous fair;  
And to notes of love entrancing  
All our tuneful leaves are dancing.

Solemnly and softly now,  
Prostrate every stirring bough;



For along the verdant sod  
Moves the ever-present God !  
Silvering each old forest-aisle  
We behold our Father's smile !

Praise him for the bending blue !—  
Praise him for the pearly dew !—  
For the spring, and summer warm,  
And the howling winter-storm ;  
For each Spirit of the Wood  
Ever bringeth only good.

## Summary of Intelligence.

### FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords on the 25th ult., Lord Clarendon stated, in reply to questions from the Marquis of Clanricarde, who called the attention of the House to the anxiety prevailing regarding Turkish affairs, that the British Government was convinced of the necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and that the recent alarming accounts from Constantinople were without foundation, a telegraphic dispatch from Constantinople, sent by the English Ambassador and dated the 14th April, having stated that all was tranquil. Lord Clarendon further expressed his belief that nothing in relation to the Russian mission would cause any interruption to the peace of Europe and that there was no danger whatever of the peace of Europe being disturbed, and that there was every prospect of a perfect harmony between the great powers of Europe to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire.

IN Switzerland, April 22d, an insurrection was defeated by the civic and militia force. The immediate object of the movement was to rid the canton of Freiburg of a radical executive, and a constitution founded on universal suffrage ; its remoter aim, to encourage similar demonstrations throughout Switzerland, and at the head of an important canton, to concur with Austria in restoring the ancient reign of exclusiveness in the affairs of the Confederation. After a brief but sanguinary conflict, the insurgents were defeated, and a large number taken prisoners.

THE Chinese rebellion is increasing with a rapidity and success, that threatens the overthrow of the present government. At last accounts the rebels had taken Nankin, and were advancing toward Shanghai with 50,000 men. Kwyng, an imperial Commander-in-Chief has been defeated and killed. The Emperor has issued a proclamation, calling on the people for help. The *Friend of China* says : "If Britain, America, or France, offer the Emperor assistance to keep his throne, they might bind him to open to commerce ; and thus the cause of civilization would be advanced."

THE following is an extract from a letter dated Rome, April 14, published in the *London Times* : "The Count de Chambord has addressed what his friends call a very energetic letter to Pius IX, remonstrating against his Holiness's sanctioning, by officiating at the Coronation of Louis Napoleon, a Government originating in revolution, and diametrically opposed to the law of Divine right. This is not the first attempt to wound the *amour propre* of Louis Napoleon from the same quarter ; the Countess de Chambord is said to have been the principal instigator of the opposition to his marriage with the Princess of Vasa ; and now, of course, the Cabinet of Vienna has approved this irritating document."

QUITE important movements have recently taken place in the Dominican Republic, between its President, Santana and the Archbishop. The latter, declined to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution, and declared it to be heretical, choosing to depart from the country, rather than support it. This was not at all objected to by Santana ; who firmly declared his intention to support the existing constitution, and to tolerate no other authority. But a short period of reflection caused the Archbishop to retract his hasty determination ; and the 4th of April was selected for the ceremony of taking the oath of fealty.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.—The Captain of the ship Hermann, which stopped at Juan Fernandez, March 27, writes that he found a settlement of about 300 persons, headed by a Governor. They were very kind, and furnished the ship with supplies reasonably. This ship stopped at the island two years since, and found no inhabitants.

THE Bombay (India) mail of March 29th reports a suspension of hostilities between the Burmese and the British. Near Donoben, a combined attack by land and water was being made against the robber chief Neatoon.

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand emigrants embarked at the port of Liverpool for America and Australia, during the month of April. A Galway paper declares its belief that at the end of a year there will not be two millions of inhabitants left in Ireland.

THE Steamship Atlantic arrived in this port on the 14th inst., from Liverpool, making the passage in nine days and twenty-two hours : being the shortest passage but one, on record. The Baltic, in 1851, accomplished the passage in nine days and fourteen hours. Both are American Steamships.

SANTA ANA has applied to the Government of Spain, for aid, in anticipation of a filibustering expedition from the United States.

### DOMESTIC.

ON the 12th inst., a meeting of the delegates to the World's Temperance Convention, was held in this city to make preparation for the coming meeting, when the female delegates were excluded from the privilege of coöperation. The females, with many who sympathized with them, withdrew ; and on the evening of the 14th, a very large and enthusiastic meeting was convened to make an expression on the subject. The course of the original meeting of delegates was severely commented on.

ANOTHER Railroad Accident occurred on the Patterson Railroad on the 8th inst., by means of an emigrant and an express train coming into collision. Four brakemen were seriously injured, two, it was feared, fatally. The accident arose from the emigrant train being out of time.

ON the 11th ult., the Steamboat Jenny Lind, on her passage from Alviso to San Francisco, burst her boiler, killing eighteen persons, and injuring fifty others.

THE FORT SMITH HERALD contains a letter from Dr. Shumard, Geologist, that a gypsum field exists, of several hundred miles in extent, between Wichita mountains and the Mexican province.

NEW-ORLEANS papers of the 8th inst., contain accounts of a destructive storm at Galveston, by which great damage was done to the shipping and to many houses. Accounts also of gold discoveries in Texas are confirmed ; the miners on the Upper Colorado are averaging five dollars per day.

ON the 18th inst., a terrible disaster happened at Buffalo, by the falling of a building. Six dead bodies had been recovered, at last accounts ; and three or four more are supposed to be beneath the ruins.

SPIRIT RAPPING.—The *National Intelligencer* publishes a letter from Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, to Hon. J. F. Simmons, expressing the strongest belief in the reality of spiritual intercourse.

A SERIOUS disturbance occurred at the town of Lewis, Delaware, on the 8th and 9th inst., between nearly two hundred fishermen and the inhabitants of the town. The fisherman came on the shore several times to pillage the town, but were repulsed by the citizens, who used guns and a cannon.

THE frigate San Giovanni arrived at New-York, on the 14th inst., from Genoa, bringing eighty-four Italian refugees—those connected with the last movements of Mazzini in Lombardy.

DISASTER AT SEA.—On the 3d inst., the ship William and Mary, Captain Stetson, was lost, by striking a rock, in lat. 27.30, lon. 79.20. There were two hundred and eight persons on board, of whom about one hundred and eighty were lost.

## PHENOMENAL.

**DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.**—William Gray, a lad of 16 years of age, died on the night of the 7th inst., on board the sloop Armada, lying at the foot of 61st-st., having exhibited previous to his death marked symptoms of hydrophobia. Coroner Wilhelm held an inquest subsequently upon the body, when Capt. Menerle, master of the sloop, stated that the deceased had been employed on board the vessel for a month past; that on Friday last he complained of dizziness in his head, and pain in his back and limbs; he grew worse, and on Saturday had a high fever but could not drink or even look at water; on Sunday a physician was sent for who gave him medicine and further attended him; he foamed at the mouth and appeared frightened at everything he saw, and when water was shown him or even spoken of, he became very much excited; while sick he told Mr. Menerle that about 4 years ago he was bitten by his own dog, which at that time he thought was not mad; soon after this he sold the dog, and lost sight of him. Dr. Blumenthal, of No. 402 4th-st., made an external examination of the body, discovered symptoms which led him to conclude that death was caused by hydrophobia. The Jury concurred in this opinion, and a verdict to that effect was rendered by them.

**A CURIOUS RELIC.**—Dr. Crone, of Yorkville, S. C., has recently procured Dr. John McLean, of Lincoln county, N. C., a specimen of feathers and a winding sheet taken from the body of a corpse, supposed to be that of an Indian girl, found in a sulphur cave in Middle Tennessee, many years ago. It was found in a cane coffin, with the legs cut off at the knee and placed on the breast. The body is in a perfect state of preservation; the flesh very tough and free from taste or smell, and perfectly hard: the feathers were used as outside covering; the bark canvas was the second, and enveloped the deer-skins which covered the body. The body when found, was supposed to be in the same state as other found shortly after the flood.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE.**—A man by the name of George W. Houston, living a short distance from Sparta, Va., has a cow which has brought forth a most uncommon calf. The calf is now two weeks old, living, and likely to live. It has two distinctly formed mouths, four distinctly formed nostrils, two tongues, and four eyes; and will, I think, have four horns. In all other respects it is formed as usual, and is a playful and very pretty calf. It eats very heartily with either mouth. Some three or four hundred persons have been to look at it and all consider it a very great curiosity.—*Richmond Whig.*

Among other curiosities which are to be exhibited at the coming World's Fair, is an ice monkey. This animal was found in the Arctic regions by Dr. Harvey, a gentleman who has been engaged for some time in hunting seals. When found, his monkeyship appeared to be enjoying the bliffulness of his situation by dodging about, in the manner so peculiar to the tribe, among sundry icebergs frozen in the ice. The monkey, so far as has been elucidated, lives entirely on the ice, subsisting on fish; and to relieve the monotony of his quiet life, he socially communes with the many walruses and seals that occasionally poke their noses out of the water and struggle about.

**A SALT LAND.**—Prof. Loomis, late of Waterville College, now in Peru, writes to the New-York *Courier*, that on a salt plain which he traversed, the houses are all built of salt—their bedsteads consist of an elevation of part of the room two feet higher than the rest of the floor, and that is a wall of a salt. Their wells are dug in this bed of salt, and they never find water anywhere else.

**A GREAT tornado** passed over the lower part of Princess Anne County, Virginia on the 10th inst. A number of houses were swept off, and everything was prostrated. Four lives were lost and many persons wounded.

The steamer Bladen, from Baltimore for Wilmington, has been wrecked on Kelly Hawk. The machinery was saved.

An earthquake occurred at Newcastle, Lawrence county, Pa., on Thursday, the 5th inst., but no damage appears to have been done. In the *Gazette* office, of that place, everything was so tossed about that all work was suspended. The shock lasted half a minute, and was felt throughout the town and surrounding country.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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New-York City.

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THE public are hereby informed that the Harmonial Association, located at 100 Nassau-st., New-York, are prepared to publish attractive and standard works on subjects connected with the unfoldings of the present age.

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who is now widely known as a medical clairvoyant possessed of the gift of healing in a remarkable degree. The work will contain a detailed account of the peculiar process by which the interior vision was developed in this lady, together with a statement of some of the wonderful cures which have been performed through her agency.

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**THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE;**

in which will be disclosed, through the medium of philosophical deductions, the principles involved in that sublime process by which the Universe has been progressively unfolded. Further notice of this work may be expected soon.

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